

# The Evening World.

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## NOBODY TO BLAME.

The Coroner's Jury finds no one to blame for the fireworks explosion of election night by which fourteen spectators were killed. It contents itself with recommending that "hereafter all fireworks exhibitions to include the bursting of high-power bombs be expressly prohibited in the city streets and parks." This is important as far as it goes, but a Coroner's recommendation does not go very far. And it is not particularly necessary, for there is an ordinance covering this very recommendation; it was to the suspension of the ordinance by the Aldermen that the fatalities were due.

No one looked for any other result of the Coroner's quest, but the jury seems to have missed an opportunity for stage thunder in not holding the Aldermen responsible. A little general denunciation in warm words of the Aldermen's criminal negligence, etc., sound and fury signifying nothing, would have made us all feel that something had been said even if nothing had been done. And spread over the broad Aldermanic backs it would have done no harm. We might at least have had glittering generalities if we were to be denied a particular application of blame.

## THE TENDERLOIN RAIDS.

When Capt. Walsh was put in charge of the Tenderloin precinct some two months ago, succeeding Sheehan, he announced with considerable emphasis that he would immediately close the precinct tight as a drum and keep it closed. A very atrocious crime had just been committed within two hundred feet of a celebrated Broadway hotel: a visitor in a resort had had his head cut off and his body thrown into a furnace. This lent point to the new Captain's boast and gave it credibility.

On Tuesday night the Captain, acting on instructions from Police Headquarters, raided three notorious resorts in this precinct and took nearly a hundred inmates to the station-house. Two of the resorts adjoined the scene of the murder, one on either side, and the third was a short distance further up Broadway. From a fourth nearby resort, the Haymarket, there was a very exciting exodus of revellers in fear of a like raid.

These resorts seem to have been doing business at the old stand regardless of Capt. Walsh's threats. A two months' period of immunity had tempered their terror. And now that the inmates have paid their fines and to that extent enriched the city treasury, how soon will the proprietors reopen? To-morrow? The Tenderloin is a bigger thing than a police captain. Sheehan was frank in admitting as much. How many police captains has the Haymarket outlived?

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Certain young women having been murdered in a Boston suburb, apparently by the same criminal because of the resemblance of the weapons used and the wounds inflicted, a young Harvard graduate, a youth of good family and of some wealth, was accused of the murders and put in jail. The main points of the first suspicion against him were his former confinement in an asylum near the scene of the murderous assaults and his fondness for taking long walks at night in that region.

But once under arrest it was immediately assumed that he must be the criminal and attention was called to his pronounced Jekyll-and-Hyde characteristics. Street-car conductors had heard him talking suspiciously, pawn-brokers were positive that he had pledged his victims' watches with them and much weight was attached to the opinion of an illiterate negro who was certain that the accused was the guilty man. With this kind of evidence against him and the right sort of district-attorney to present it to the judge and jury the chances were excellent for a life behind the bars for young Mr. Mason.

But after two weeks in jail he has been set free. He is luckier than Roland Molineux in that his freedom was not purchased at the sacrifice of the paternal fortune nor delayed for nearly four years. If he is a philosopher he will be glad it went no worse with him even when in after years the old story is told against him with nods and shakes of the head. But he may wonder if the legal processes which take such liberties with a man's reputation and offer no reparation are not too strenuous.

## NOT WORTH HIS PRICE.

The Court of Appeals, reversing the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the Hopkins will, rejects the testimony of the handwriting experts as worse than unsatisfactory. These specialists had testified learnedly to the authorship of certain straight lines drawn vertically through the testator's signature.

The experts may not care what is said of them so long as they continue to draw \$50 a day and expenses for their services; but if they have survived the ridicule of the Molineux trials this decision may add a finishing touch to their discredit. Other specialists, charging well for expert advice, provide in return an amount of acquired knowledge commensurate with their bill. A handwriting expert provides theories based on general observation, insubstantial and unscientific. The \$30,000 paid the experts in the first Molineux trial and the proportionate amount yet to be paid for the second are greatly in excess of the value received.

## A NEW JUDGE NEEDED.

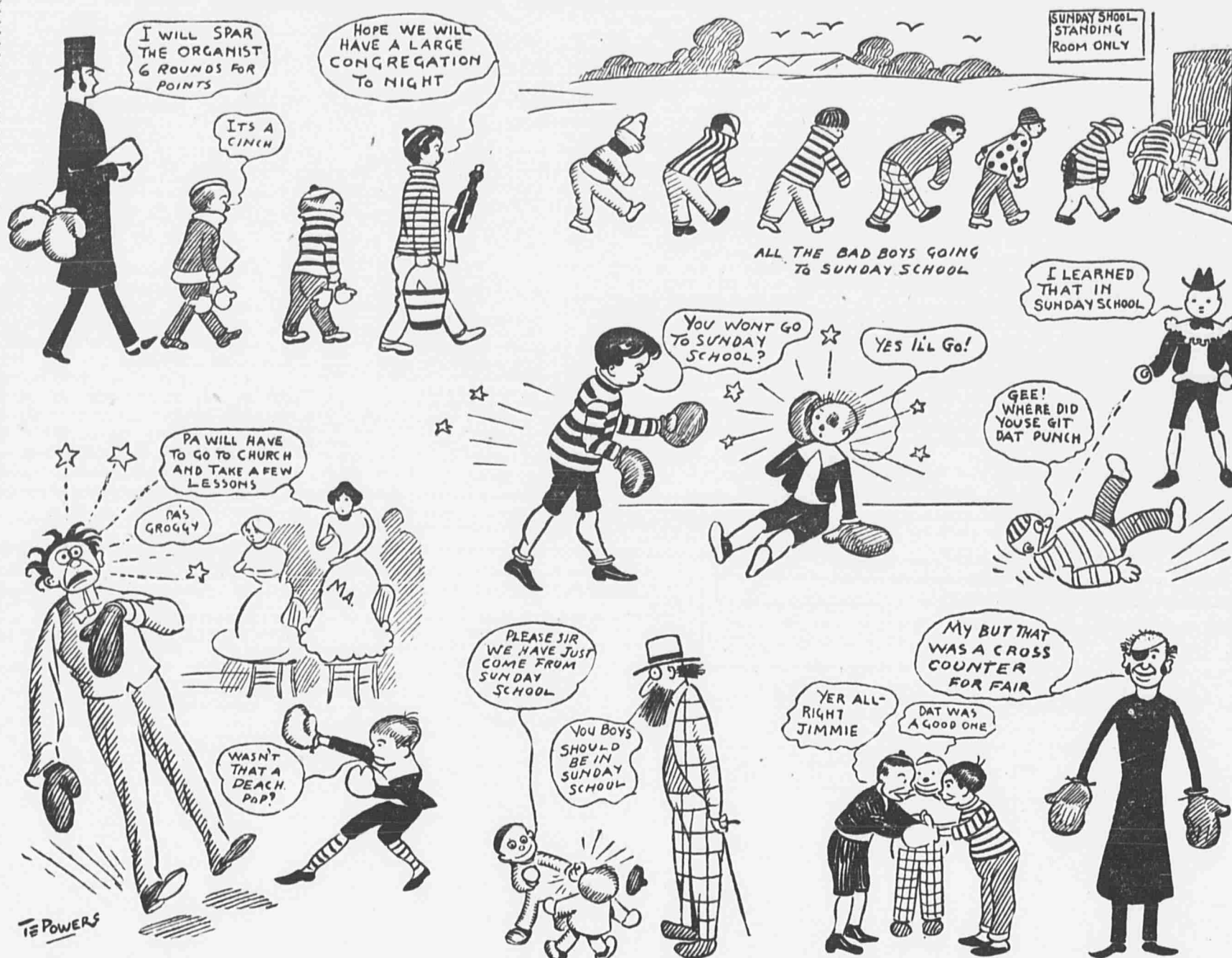
Three dressmakers' suits in court within three weeks indicate the need of a Mantalini with a judicial mind on the bench as a court of appeal for such cases. Magistrate Meade was called on to decide a dispute about a tailor-made skirt, and Justice Rasquin became involved in the intricacies of cut and fit in the case of a rejected princess gown. And yesterday Justice Leventritt opened a sealed verdict in the suit of Joseph Durand, a ladies' tailor, against Mrs. Carrie D. Bryan for \$150, the price of a gown made for the defendant in 1900.

The complications in this last case were increased by the impossibility of bringing the gown into court as an exhibit: it had been burned in a fire at the Bryan home. But the tailor swore that it fitted the defendant perfectly when tried on in his shop and unless the defendant's figure had changed within a few weeks there was no occasion to refuse payment for it. "I often find that ladies change that way," said the tailor; "sometimes it is only a change in their corsets or something like that."

A judge comes to know much besides the law, but the impossibility of his dealing satisfactorily with a question of dressmaking complicated by a question of feminine anatomical development is apparent. It shows the need of a special court for such cases where hearings may be had in camera by a justice educated in the mysteries of the feminine toilet and acquainted theoretically at least with the mutations of the female form divine. The problems are too intricate for the ordinary judicial system.

## The New Sunday-School Boy Will Have Useful Fists.

Possibilities of a Pastor's Novel Scheme, Pictured by Artist Powers.



The Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Jersey City, has organized a boxing class in his Sunday school. He will teach the young idea how to shoot his left mitt into his boy opponent's breadbasket and also how to land a sleeping potion on the point of another Sunday-school youngster's jaw. The Jersey scheme will no doubt extend the popularity of Sunday-school going, and it may also result in winning more respect and deference for the rising generation from parents, especially if the parent knows that the r. g. is able to hand him out a Sunday-school swat with a Fitzsimmons finish to it. Mr. Powers shows some of the things good little Johnnie Uppercut may be able to do with his fists when Pastor Scudder gets through training him.

### A CROESUS.



He—Is he rich?  
She—Is he? Why, 'e don't think nothing of buyin' a plate of hokey-pokey and a cigarette of same week.

### ITS ORIGIN.



Grump—Where on earth did those students get that college yell?  
Hump—Why, once upon a time they upset a hornet's nest.

### PRACTICAL PROOF.



Teacher—Why were you striking poor dear little Mame?  
Parique—Well, I wanted ter see if she'd do like you told us to in Sunday school and return a kiss for a blow.

### THE ULTIMATUM.



"Now, youse kids git together an' fight for de nickel. An' I'll play de part of a paternal government an' pinch it out of de winner."

## Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dressmaking establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice:  
I have to make two waists for my mother, who is 46 bust, of white and black Louise. Kindly suggest some stylish yet not too elaborate way of making them. I think medallions or some lace would go nicely. And how would you make a young (eleven) girl's foulard dress—something very full across the bust, as she is growing rapidly? The foulard is light blue and white. Would you box-plait the skirt or slit-scan it?  
CECILLE.

As 46-inch bust measurement is rather large, you must not trim the waists in any way that will exaggerate the appearance. Small clusters of tucks or a slight fullness, with a narrow vest of contrasting shade, will give you the desired effect, and long lines necessary to reduce a full bust appearance. On the white waist a chiffon vest and collar covered with black lace medallions will be very pretty. The black waist with a shaded lavender vest, made of two-toned ribbon, with dark edges toward the black and pale centres, will make a very appropriate waist for an elderly lady.

The young girl's foulard dress will be prettier with the box-plaited skirt, as the slit-seam design is only suitable for heavy material; but a very new pattern is the one illustrated, which is particularly suited to young and growing girls, as the tucks can be let out as required for length. The waist, made of full blouse, fastened in the back with full-gathered sleeves to match the deep valance in the skirt, is much improved by a peculiar-shaped yoke extending

over the sleeves, of all-over Irish lace, set in by narrow velvet ribbon the shade of blue in the foulard. These ribbons are tied in soft loop bows at the points and ends, finished in white crocheted dangles. Neck ribbon and long-end waist



(Designed for Cecille.)  
YOUNG GIRL'S FOULARD DRESS.

such to match the narrow ribbon finishes this dainty girlish costume.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.  
Dear Mme. Judice:  
I enclose a sample of dress goods. The skirt is a nine gore and four inches short. Would you kindly suggest what I could use in lengthening it, and how I could make it over so it would be of the style of three or four years ago? I should like to make it over also to match the skirt. Please tell me the name of the goods.  
E. H.  
Your material of gray "basket cloth" will be very effective combined with

the same shade, or a trifle darker, velvet or velveteen; the latter saves expense.

Your nine-gore skirt will give you plenty of goods to lengthen your skirt so it will look like new. My advice is to rip your entire skirt apart and use a modern five-gore, circular flounced paper pattern, so you can see by laying it on your material which parts will cut to best advantage without waste or piecing. Usually the gores of a skirt widen as they go toward the back, and as you will have four extra, try to save these to use in your circular flounce. One inch bias bands of the velvet, top and bottom of the flounce, will give a pretty finish. Of course you can trim any way you prefer.

Although your Eton jacket is of a style of three or four years ago, the garment has not changed in cut to such an extent that it cannot be made satisfactory with little trouble. A deep cape collar, round or pointed, of velvet, with a few appliques or cream lace laid on at intervals will work wonders. Probably you have some old lace that can be cut out in medallions that will answer this purpose. Dip these in weak coffee and press on wrong side to freshen it and give the popular "tanny" shade.

Your sleeves can be changed considerably by adding deep turn back cuffs of velvet and trimming to match the cape collar.

DRY CLEANING AT HOME.

The mother and housewife who has to economize in her costume and those of her children will be aided by the following hints:  
Laces of delicate materials which are soaked in borax water do not require rubbing.  
The daintiest neckwear, which it is impossible to wash, if left over night in an airtight vessel of ammonia, will look fresh and new when carefully dried.  
To clean a white felt hat, wash the crease spots (if any) with a hot solution of soda or spirits of ammonia, then cover with a paste of pipe clay and water and precipitated chalk, and when brushed off with clean soft cloth, the remedy also applies in white shoes.

## TITLED CONVICTS IN JAIL.

A Vienna paper states that few people have any idea of the large number of men and women of noble birth undergoing penal servitude on the Continent, says the London Express.

It estimates that Russian prisons alone contain 12,000 aristocrats, while there are several thousand noblemen in the penal establishments of Italy. Two Dukes of Notarbartolo are, for instance, at present undergoing penal servitude for life in the Italian prison of La Maddalena for the brutal murder of a young officer whom they had swindled at card playing and who had threatened to denounce them as card sharps.

Among the convicts in a Belgian prison are Prince Charles de Loos-Coswarem, who committed a number of gigantic frauds and one crime of violence, and the Marquis de Varela, for the murder of his own mother.

In France there are several hundred titled aristocrats in prison, and though no statistics are available regarding Austria and Germany, the same state of things is said to exist there, also.

## 126 PINS A YEAR.

Pins cost only a trifle nowadays, where once they were very expensive, says the American Exporter. In 1900 the 75,000,000 people in the United States used 69,000,000 gross of common pins, which is equal to 35,700,000 pins, or an average of about 125 pins for every man, woman and child in the country. This is the highest average reached anywhere in the use of pins. Ten years ago we used only about 72 pins each. The total number of pins manufactured in the United States during 1900, the census year, was 68,530,200 gross. There are forty-six factories in all, with 2,333 employees. The business has grown rapidly during the last twenty years for, although there were forty factories in 1880, they produced only half as much, employed only about half the capital and only 1,077 hands.

## SOMEBODIES.

CARLILE, REV. WILSON—the famous London preacher, has introduced free coffee and kinoscope pictures into his church services.

CLARK, BISHOP—of Rhode Island, is the oldest Anglican Bishop in the world, being ninety years of age.

CURTIN, JEREMIAH—the well-known translator, is familiar, it is said, with sixty languages and a conversant with the customs of almost every nation on earth.

REAGAN, JUDGE J. H.—is the only surviving member of Jefferson Davis's Confederate Cabinet. He has just had his portrait painted for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

TARKINGTON, BOOTH—the novelist, who has just been elected to the Indiana Legislature, has modestly chosen a seat at the extreme rear of the House. Perhaps in order to be already on the spot in case he should be requested to go "way back and sit down."

## A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Luckily it was only the city's bridge and not its anthracite that burned.

A paradox that wakens no derision: "Against the Salt Trust there's a Fresh decision."

The Erie, Pa., woman who has just married a man to save him from the gallows is not the first of her sex to take that method of putting a man out of reach of "suspense."

"I hear that paly of his is hot stuff." "It ought to be by now. It's been 'roasted' often enough."

"Harry," said the innocent little wife, "I am afraid your club is not heated properly." "What gave you that idea, my dear?" asked Mr. Trey, who spent the nights "bucking the tiger" in the city. "Oh, heard you mumbering in your sleep that you were 'frozen out' the other night."—Chicago News.

With the Molineux case and the election off its hands, November can settle down quietly and wait for Thanksgiving.

A draught it was that gave him chills. A doctor's draught assuaged his ill. A draft paid the physicians' bills.

Yonkers justice promises to rival the famous Jersey variety in the matter of automobilists.

"Why is Deacon Skinfint always so eager to pass the collection plate?" "Cause then he don't have to put nothing in it."

Ambitious Wife—You can't keep us down forever. Some day we women will have a voice in the management of all the public affairs of this country.

Unlucky Husband—For heaven's sake, Belinda, don't say that! Be satisfied if you get the right to vote.—Chicago Tribune.

The Argus seeks to squelch Dave Hill's desire for autocracy. By branding him the "Jonah" who is hoodwinking Democracy.

And if to cast him overboard, they chance to summon every Good Democrat, the first to volunteer will be Bill Devery.

"What sort of microbes do you suppose are fostered by a kiss?" "Breath of promise germs, usually."

The term "Short-Ton" takes a new meaning this season.

"What are these 'briquettes' I read about?" "They're hard, square, charred substances that—"

Two weeks from to-day the turkey will accept several million dinner invitations.

Samuel J. Tilden left over 100,000 letters, and some inquisitive persons propose to read every one of them.—Chicago Tribune.

## A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS.

### HEARTS AND CORN HUSKS.

Cupid's Little Hands Grow Callous in the Cornfields, but a World of Joy Is Ahead.

THE sunlight was in a merry mood that morning, and beating down the white New Jersey road wrote strange hieroglyphic messages on the bare turnpike. A broad band of light that stretched from one side of the road to the other arched and quivered, and when the horses driven by young Albert Force swung into view from behind the cump of maples at the turning, the leader shied for a moment and would not advance till he felt the flick of the whip.

The young man had come from New York in the service of a wealthy summer resident of the neighborhood of a week before, and each breath of the soft country air was a delight to him. As he turned the corner he caught sight of a figure far down the road, and when it drew nearer he perceived that it was that of a young girl.

The driver straightened in his seat, from a distance she gave promise of being pretty, and he had not seen a girl since he had left the Grand Central station the week before.

She was pretty and she walked well, a rare quality in a country girl. Her dark hair was rolled simply back from her broad, low forehead, and her eyes as they met those of the young man on the box were frankly good humored, and a trifle curious. She showed plainly that she knew he was not one of the village young men. Indeed she smiled slightly as their eyes met, and though the smile lasted scarcely half a second, it stayed with Albert Force all day.

The same evening he made careful inquiries in the little town of Chagewater, near which he lived, and after repeating a description of the girl to various village worthies, and being laughed at for his pains, he learned that she was Mary Hopewell, and that she worked in the woolen mills at Chagewater.

Next day he sought her out, and from the first moment of the introduction knew that he had met the Unknown Goddess and that the days of his freedom were few.

"I am getting to care an awful lot about you, Mary," he said one evening as they walked along the country road to her home.

Three months had passed since the day of their first meeting by the roadside. Albert Force had left his position with the New York family and had obtained employment in the mills that he might be near his sweetheart every day.

"You know I am very fond of you," he continued, "don't you?"

"Well," said the girl, "I hope you are. But after all, what is the use? We are too poor to be married."

At the first place they offered their services they were given work. Not many days passed before every one in the surrounding country had heard of the novel enterprise and the engaged couple were flooded with offers of employment. Soon they were booking work ahead. In a fortnight Mary had earned \$5.00 and Albert \$40.00. The young woman acted as a cashier, and with nearly \$500 in her keeping, knew that the little home she had always dreamed of would soon be hers.

This is the true romance of Albert Force, of New York City, and Mary Hopewell, the prettiest girl in the woolen mills at Chagewater, N. J.

The young couple expect to be married before Thanksgiving Day and will set up a neat little home on the money raised by shucking corn.